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Editors: EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.
PHILIP BURNHAM (*now on duty with the armed forces*)

HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor;* MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *Special Editor;* C. G. PAULDING, *Literary Editor;* JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager.*

Lobbies and Blocs

THE current showdown between the President and the Congressional farm bloc momentarily throws a glaring light on the American bloc and lobby system. The common front so rapidly and efficiently built up by four farm organizations *claiming* directly or indirectly to represent 20,000,000 constituents has been a spectacular achievement. Coming within a month of Congressional elections, the lobbyists for various agricultural interests could scarcely have chosen a more opportune time for making their demands effective.

This concerted effort to raise farm parity prices is, however, looked upon as highly inopportune by the other elements in the country. It is not generally recognized how much the nation owes to the farmer—not only our food and clothing but also a large proportion of our industrial manpower, natives of the countryside who have migrated to the cities to compensate for our dwindling urban native born. For almost all of the past twenty years farm prices have been much undervalued in terms of the manufactured goods they would buy. And farming, if only seasonal where cultivation is undiversified, is hard work. Manufactured goods prices are now even higher while factory wages are at new peaks and for that reason it is often impossible to obtain adequate farm labor; farm group pressure for higher commodity "floors and ceilings" is only natural. But even if the rest of the country knew about the recent lean years and other aspects of the farm problem, most people would be disturbed at the spectacle of so well-organized a minority trying to railroad through class legislation at so critical a time. It runs directly counter to the need of sacrifice by all toward the winning of the war and it hastens an inflation that is no idle or empty threat.

Yet it would be gross distortion to allow the present dispute to give the impression that the four farm organizations involved are the only ones currently carrying on lobbying in Washington. Big business not represented in the farm bloc and labor unions are the other principal operatives there. One result is that the old American game of "you vote for the measure that will please my constituents and I'll vote for yours" still goes on. Is there an alternative to this reciprocal log-rolling which constitutes so large a motivating force in the halls of congress? Or should we accept mutual concessions by special interests as the mainspring in the workings of the legislative branch of our American democracy?

The demands of the war should point to other ways. The existence of representatives of special interests in Washington is in itself not necessarily a bad thing. It compensates somewhat for the unfunctional character of our American political system, for the principal civic activity as far as the individual citizen is concerned is choosing among a group of unsatisfactory candidates once a year. It is useful that the needs of important groupings of citizens should be brought directly to the attention of our legislators. But to have lobbying serve the national interest two developments would seem essential. One possibility is that under the influence of the rank and file the representing agency itself become socially minded. A good example in the present parity crisis is the way the Farmers Union and the Ohio Farm Bureau Federation maintained their reputations as constructive agencies by repudiating the drive for higher parity levels. A resolution just adopted by the Farm Bureau expresses it, "This is no time for one economic group to jockey for advantage over the others." The second is the development of a strong people's lobby in the national capital, as suggested at the meeting of the New York chapter of the National Lawyers Guild. The difficulty here would seem to be that the base for such a lobby would be too broad. How could it express the needs of the whole American people, even as consumers, in the specifically limited terms required for action? Possibly there should be a series of strong people's lobbies on specific points such as: housing, food and clothing prices, unemployment, government finance and so forth. Even here it would be quite a task to motivate each lobby adequately. But any improvement of the lobby situation in peace time or war calls for considerably more responsibility and activity on the part of the individual citizen.

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Kind Daughters

THE Daughters of the American Revolution this year have invited Miss Marian Anderson to sing in their hall in Washington, D. C. The invitation was not peculiarly gracious but it was an invitation. Miss Anderson who last year had to be content with singing to a few hundred thousand people gathered round the Lincoln Memorial and held united in the deepest emotion, this year, by courtesy of the D.A.R., will be able to sing in a concert hall just like any other concert singer.

What do you know? Also what do you think of that? Also what has melted the cold snows, the cold and stern resolve of yesteryear? You guess. The Daughters are going to be kind daughters of our mingled and tragic past. They are going to be patriots. They are going to allow the tall dark figure of Miss Anderson to stand in their star-spangled hall and perhaps they will even listen to her voice. Well, then, will Mrs. Roosevelt, who last year resigned from the D.A.R., apply for readmission? Will the Negro citizens of America see in this gesture—in this forced gesture—justice at last coming swiftly to their desperate cause? Will John Brown and Uncle Tom and Abraham Lincoln and the tortured bodies of the lynched lie at long last peaceful in their graves?

Or is it just a day when the villagers are asked to take tea on the grounds?

Writers We Read

"THIS IS MY BEST" is an anthology of living American writers compiled by Mr. Whit Burnett for the Dial Press. It will be distributed by the Book-of-the-Month Club in November and December as a dividend volume. Ninety-three American authors will be represented and how they were chosen and who they are presents some interest. Mr. Burnett, unwilling to make the collection a simple expression of his personal taste, prepared a ballot and sent it to a very diversified and intelligently selected list of people with the request that out of some one hundred and fifty names they narrow the candidates for anthological fame down to one hundred.

We can only summarize the resulting list. Here are the first ten in order of choice: Carl Sandburg, John Steinbeck, Eugene O'Neill, Ernest Hemingway, Willa Cather, Pearl Buck, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Sinclair Lewis, Stephen Vincent Benet, and Christopher Morley. Then at random down the list: Robert Frost, Booth Tarkington, H. L. Mencken, Edna Ferber, Theodore Dreiser, J. P. Marquand, Louis Bromfield, Walter Lippmann, John dos Passos, John Gunther, Saroyan, Upton Sinclair, Edgar Lee Masters. All these are in the first fifty: the newspapers cut the list short there on the theory that fifty authors is an awful lot and that the second fifty are also-rans. We wonder, not too impatiently, who slipped in at the last hour, what great man or lady was number ninety-nine. Possibly, but improbably, he or she may be a representative of the Great Catholic American Literary Renaissance, one of our Immortals, one of those to whom we would Point with Pride could we but recall the name. Improbably such a one may be included, we think, and we say it is just as well to give the question of great Catholic writers in America a rest until some Catholic achieves general recognition as a writer, until some American Catholic writes a book which independently of Catholic support, stirs the readers of our times and forces recognition of its quality. It is just as well to stop putting labels on writers, stop building up teams as if they were football teams, call off a few of the cheer leaders and get to work.

The list is an odd one. Saroyan seems the only one of the younger prodigies to be on it. It is a conservative list, for Masters and Sinclair and Sandburg are all conservatives in relation to the harsh new doctrines that are sweeping away our world, and Steinbeck does not seem very well equipped to have any doctrinal importance one way or another. It is a conservative list because of all these writers—and some of them once were truly revolutionary—there is not one who, should he live till the end of the war, will be able to do anything else but recall the past. For better or for worse they seem to us to be in the past already. Take Hemingway, for instance: with laudable dignity, he recently remarked that, first and last a soldier, he would talk about the war after he had done what he could to win it—and not before. But when he does talk, what can we hope for other than magnificent disillusionment once again? This generation of writers — how did John Gunther get in? — is a lost generation indeed. They would not again touch a revolution with a ten foot pole. Can one blame them? Everything let them down, all the theories, all the political parties, all the causes in which they hoped, all the events. They all got started, they all believed in something, they all attempted something after the last war, and now this war has come and those who are serious among them belong already to the past. That is why they are read, that is why they are popular. Because we who read them are tired also, disappointed also, we who have been of age between the two wars.

The list is what America is leaving behind us as our civilization proceeds bravely into the unknown. The men and women who will work out the future and work in the future are not on the list. The writers, unknown now, who, while the war is still an inevitable climate, will find new courage and new hope to face the war and what is to come after the war—these, the unknown, will be the writers to form America's destiny.

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They will have nothing left to fall back on save the immutable truths of man's fate, nothing but fraternal participation in man's ceaseless struggle toward truth, nothing but their share in the ancient disquiet of man's heart. That being so, among them there may be some Catholics.

If Men Were Angels

IN NUMBER 51 of the *Federalist Papers,* appearing in the New York *Packet* for February 8, 1788, Alexander Hamilton undertook to defend the provisions made in our Constitution for a "partition of powers among the several departments" of our Federal Government. The arguments in favor of the system of checks and balances are generally familiar, and need no repetition here. But in the course of Hamilton's reasoning appears a statement so striking that it deserves quotation, reconsideration, and application to one of the most critical problems in the world today.

"It may be a reflection on human nature," Hamilton writes, "that such devices should be necessary to control the abuses of Government. But what is Government itself, but the greatest of all reflections on human nature? If men were angels, no Government would be necessary. If angels were to govern men, neither external nor internal controls on Government would be necessary."

If men were angels, no government would be necessary. The necessity for government in human affairs may not be the greatest of all reflections on human nature, but it certainly throws a highlight on man's characteristic weakness—the fact that his reason can be frustrated and defeated by his passions or emotions. Hamilton knew enough Christian theology—he had been educated at a Colonial college—to know that angels are pure intelligences. Having no bodies, they are free from all the weaknesses of the flesh. The answer to the philosophical anarchist who denies the need for government is simply that men are not angels.

If men were brutes, no government would be possible. This is the other side of the picture. It takes reason to make laws, and even to obey them, not from fear of punishment, but from recognition of their justice. But because men are not purely rational, rational persuasion is not enough. Laws must have coercive force. "It is essential to the idea of a law," wrote Hamilton in an earlier paper (No. 15), "that it be attended with a sanction; or, in other words, a penalty or punishment for disobedience." Human government reflects human nature in the fact that it employs two principles—both reason and force. Government cannot be by right alone, any more than it should be by might alone. The appeal to justice speaks to human reason. The threat of force is a warning to the passions. Without right, men are not governed. They are merely overpowered. Without might, men are not governed. They are merely admonished.

These basic truths have a bearing on the problem of war and peace. If men were angels, war would be impossible. If men were brutes, would there be any hope for the end of wars and the making of a lasting peace? The answer to the pacifist who supposes that all you have to do is to persuade men of the evil of war is the same as the answer to the anarchist. Rational persuasion is not enough because men are not angels. But there is also an answer to the pessimist or futilitarian who says that there always will be wars, and that the notion of a lasting peace is a sham and a delusion. If men are not angels, neither are they brutes. Government is not only necessary in human affairs; it is also possible. And in the possibility of government, as well as in the necessity of it, lies the hope for a lasting peace.

As the members of a community cannot live together in some degree of peace without government, so the sovereign communities of the world cannot live together in peace without government—a higher and more inclusive sovereignty which not only makes laws but has the power to enforce them. Peace treaties will never solve the problem of war, any more than the Articles of Confederation, which our Federal Constitution supplanted, could have made a peaceful community out of the several sovereign states. "The most palpable defect of the subsisting Confederation," Hamilton wrote in another paper (No. 31), "is the total want of a *sanction* to its laws." The Articles of Confederation were nothing but a treaty, and the Federalists rightly saw that they would not work, as only a forceful government can, to ensure peace among sovereign communities. The Civil War, in both its causes and its consequences, proved their point.

Government as the solution of the problem of world peace may still be a remote possibility. But though remote, and however difficult, it is not a utopian suggestion. On the contrary, no plans for the peace that is to follow this world war are genuinely practical unless they somehow aim to provide for world government, instead of being satisfied with the power politics of peace treaties or with powerless leagues of nations. Neither by might alone nor by right alone will a lasting peace ever be achieved.

I do not pretend to know in concrete detail how world government can be instituted, or even approximated. But I think I do know a truth by which the wisdom or folly of any proposals can be measured. It is the double-barreled truth that men are not angels—and so war and violence cannot be cured by words; but neither are they brutes—and so in law and government lies the possibility of peace.

MORTIMER J. ADLER.

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Our Allies in Japan

What friends we may have in the island empire.

By **Harry Paxton Howard**

THERE has been a most remarkable "about-face" in American appraisals of Japan during the past generation. The late President Theodore Roosevelt, and the press of his day, used to shout from the house-tops that Japan was the one great "liberal," "progressive," "modern" country of Asia. Not only did the administration and press in the period of the first Roosevelt cry almost unanimously for "progressive" Japan, but our financiers supplied absolutely indispensable funds for Japan's war against Russia and invasion of Korea and Manchuria, and President Roosevelt himself acted as secret attorney for Japan to induce Russia to send peace delegates to Portsmouth—where shrewd Japanese diplomacy aided by Roosevelt gained a most amazing diplomatic victory.

Those days are over, and the present Roosevelt Administration and the press under its influence shout from the house-tops that the "Japs" are "naturally" feudal and militaristic, "savage yellow-bellies," utterly incapable of liberal and progressive ideas, whose only pleasure is butchering war-prisoners and dying for their God-Emperor. It is a most remarkable transformation, the "reality" of which can be attested by a mere comparison of the New York *Times* files for 1904-5 with those for 1941-42. Presumably the 1905 race of "liberal," "progressive," "modern" Japanese has died out, or has been driven out or exterminated by some bloodthirsty and savage tribes wholly incapable of modernization and progress. Is this true? Or is there something wrong with our pictures?

Both pictures contain truth. Both pictures contain falsehood. There are liberal and progressive Japanese, and there are militaristic and feudal minded Japanese. There are Japanese who love peace, and there are Japanese who start wars. There are Japanese who put the common welfare above national power, and there are Japanese who put guns before rice. In a word, the Japanese are remarkably like most other peoples. They were no more "liberal" in 1905 than they are today. They are no more "feudal-minded" today than they were in 1905. But in 1905 we were encouraging and financing Japan's militarists to invade Korea and Manchuria and oust Russia from its privileged position in those areas. Today Japan's militarists have invaded other parts of China and ousted us from our privileged position in those areas. This is the basic and fundamental difference between the respective attitudes of the two Roosevelts.

Parliament versus army in Japan

First of all, we must realize that the present military dictatorship in Japan is essentially similar to the dictatorships of other brutalitarian powers, in that it rebelled against and overthrew a nascent or weak parliamentary régime. Japan was the first Asiatic country to adopt a constitution and to inaugurate a parliament. Almost from the beginning, fifty years ago, the elected representatives of the people started a struggle to wrest control from the Imperial bureaucracy and militarists and to obtain political power themselves. This was the history of the early nineties, the struggle which finally drove the bureaucrats to war against China with the definite aim (as revealed clearly in the US Government's "Foreign Relations" for 1894 and 1895) to divert the Japanese people's hostility from their own bureaucratic masters to a foreign foe—a device which succeeded, with the open support of the American and British governments.

The militarists strengthened their position, with a new law which required that the defense ministries should be filled only from top-ranking officers of the Army and Navy respectively. From that time onward, no cabinet could be formed or could carry on except by agreement with the Army and Navy—which remained, much as in feudal times, closed corporations responsible only to the Emperor. But the ever-increasing burdens of imperial expansion, loaded more and more heavily upon the Japanese people, brought revolt. In 1905, and again in 1912 and 1913, there were uprisings in Tokyo which had to be crushed by the use of troops, with pitched battles in which hundreds were killed and wounded. In 1918, with Japan at war both in Europe and in Siberia, a nation-wide uprising—politely referred to as "rice riots"—required the calling out of troops in scores of places, with bloody battles in cities and industrial and mining centers throughout the country.

This uprising of 1918 brought a new period of political development in Japan. The bureaucracy,

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shaken and apprehensive, tried to gain wider support by appealing to the parties in parliament, and for the first time in history appointed a *commoner,* the party leader Hara, as premier of Japan. Trade unions were granted the right to organize. A campaign for universal manhood suffrage was launched, together with demands for increased power for parliament itself. By 1925, the common people of Japan had gained manhood suffrage, and parliament was supporting the first "business" Government. When this Government, in 1927, *rejected* the British Government's proposal for forcible intervention in China, it was ousted by the notorious Tanaka régime, devoted to renewed aggression in China in cooperation with Western Powers.

Civilian government

But the ousting of the British Conservatives by British Labor in 1929 deprived the Japanese militarists of their most influential foreign friends. Parliament and press now demanded, in no uncertain terms, an accounting from the Tanaka régime for its crimes in and against China—including, most specifically, the murder of Marshal Chang Tso-lin, head of the Fengtien régime and of the Peking Government itself, the previous year. Tanaka resigned, and for the first time a responsible parliamentary government was formed in Japan, based upon parliament itself—now elected by manhood suffrage among a universally literate people, and openly hostile to military rule and militarist privileges.

From July, 1929, the Japanese Government was in the hands of the Hamaguchi Cabinet—a representative civilian government based upon the Minseito ("True Constitutionalists"), the strongest party in parliament. Not only was Premier Hamaguchi himself a civilian, but the leader of the opposition (the Seiyukai) was also a civilian. For Japan, so long under the domination of feudal militarists and their imperial figure-head, it was a truly remarkable situation. Though the Army and Navy still retained considerable independence of the civil government, there were moves to deprive them of this independence. It was the "golden age of constitutional government" in Japan.

It was what we would call a "business" government, and Marxists would term a "bourgeois" government. The "proletarian" parties, divided among themselves, were as yet a small minority in parliament, and the Hamaguchi government represented the interests of "business"—in opposition to the interests of the militarists. It endeavored to reduce military and naval expenditures, to cut down taxation, to subsidize useful industries, and to carry on public works to relieve unemployment. In connection with the London Naval Limitation Conference of 1930, it actually encroached upon the Satsuma clan's long-established domination of the Japanese Navy, and took an unprecedented attitude of authority toward the aristocratic Privy Council.

For peace and progress

The Japanese people at last were attaining to political power. This power was by no means complete, and was precarious and insecure, but there was definitely a government in office able to speak for the Japanese people far more responsibly than any Japanese government before or since. And its basic concerns, in office, were the matters which had been the basic concerns of the Japanese people—in parliament and outside it—since popular pressure and demands had become possible in Japan. At all times, the popular mind had been most keenly exercised over the heavy taxes levied upon the people by the military establishment, and the power exercised by the bureaucrats over the Japanese government. It was only by the threat of actual or imminent war that the Japanese militarists could ever gain increases in their appropriations, utilizing the same patriomaniac appeals as were used by their counterparts elsewhere. But the tax increases obtained under "war necessity" continued in peace time as a permanent and terrible burden on the Japanese people.

It is necessary to understand that the Japanese as a people have gained nothing, economically, from Japan's imperial expansion. The increasingly heavy burdens of taxation have steadily worsened conditions in Japan. For the past twenty years the already low living standards in Japan have seriously declined.

The Hamaguchi government's record is a notable one. In international affairs, one of its greatest services was in connection with the London Naval Treaty of 1930, when it really seemed that the aggressive navalists and munition manufacturers of the world were being checked by the peace-makers led by the British Labor Party. The Hamaguchi government actually sent a civilian (ex-Premier Wakatsuki) to London as its chief delegate, with the Naval Minister as "adviser"; during the latter's absence from Tokyo, the naval portfolio was taken over by the civilian premier—a thing absolutely unprecedented in Japanese history, and moving directly toward the appointment of responsible civilians as defense ministers. The signing of the London Naval Treaty was put through by Premier Hamaguchi despite the opposition of the chief of the naval staff, supported by the Supreme Military Council, which had at all times declared that only the Army and Navy were privileged to determine the requirements of national "defense." Hamaguchi, refusing even to discuss the treaty with the Privy Council, presented it direct to the Emperor and

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obtained his signature. The tone of popular feeling in Japan at the time was evidenced by the tremendous ovations given to Mr. Wakatsuki upon his return from London, enormous crowds packing the streets to welcome in triumph a civilian leader checking the insatiable demands and power of the militarists.

But this was not the response of the militarists and their fanatical patriot dupes. Wakatsuki was in daily danger of assassination from these "high-minded" gangsters. And in November Premier Hamaguchi was assassinated by a member of the "Patriots' Society"—a gang openly supported and directed by high-ranking Japanese officers—at Tokyo Station, at the same place where Japan's first "commoner" premier had been similarly assassinated nine years previously. A Japanese leader who stands for the common people literally takes his life in his hands.

Korea

In regard to Korea, the Hamaguchi government further infuriated the militarists by bringing in a bill for Korean "home rule." In regard to Manchuria, the Colonial Ministry attempted to solve the problem of Korean emigrants by recognizing their right to become naturalized as Chinese, thus taking them out of the "protection" of the Japanese Army. (It was an "incident" over these Koreans which in fact served as the main pretext for the Army's invasion of Manchuria in 1931.) In regard to Manchurian railways, the Hamaguchi government proposed and began a conference with the Chinese authorities for a friendly settlement and understanding as between the Japanese and Chinese lines.

But every one of these moves was in direct conflict with the Japanese Army's program. The militarists wanted to rule Korea, not to give it self-government. They wanted to rule Korean emigrants in Manchuria, not to permit them to become Chinese citizens. The South Manchuria Railway was not merely an economic enterprise, but was the center of Japanese military influence in Manchuria—which the Japanese Army in fact used as its base for attack in September, 1931. Sino-Japanese friendship was useful and profitable to Japanese business men and Japan in general, but Japanese militarists could gain nothing from such a policy. The civilian government's policy was *Ando*—the way of Peace. The militarists' policy was *Bushido*—the way of the Warrior.

It seems strange, today, to read the manifesto of the Minseito on June 30, 1931, reciting the facts of its two-year record with regard to China:

> Soon after the Minseito Cabinet was formed, the boycott of Japanese goods in China, which had been general, subsided. In May last year the reciprocal Customs Agreement was concluded between the two countries. Moreover, the way is now open for the resumption of negotiations for the settlement of many problems relating to the South Manchuria Railway, which had long been at a deadlock. In short, Sino-Japanese relations, which at one time were on the brink of rupture owing to the military diplomacy pursued by the Tanaka Cabinet, bid fair to be restored to their former state of friendliness.

This was so completely true that it roused the Japanese militarists and professional patriots to fury. With the power and prestige of the latter steadily declining and evidently doomed, they turned to the actual creation of "incidents" in Manchuria and Korea, spreading completely false reports of "Chinese atrocities" and actually employing Korean gangsters to murder inoffensive Chinese in the streets of Korean cities. The Japanese Army was still a virtually independent corporation, dependent on parliament for funds but with its own feudal organization intact, and was able to carry on its poisonous propaganda and to organize its murderous "incidents" with no effective interference. Finally it launched, on the night of September 18, its general attack and invasion in South Manchuria, and dispatched troops from Korea despite the Tokyo cabinet's flat refusal to approve such a move.

This move was in effect rebellion and counter-revolution against the growing strength of parliamentary government in Japan. One thing would have saved parliamentary government and completely discredited the militarists. The Powers could have spoken firmly and decisively, telling the militarists to withdraw. The Powers did not do so. Anyone who cares to read Secretary Stimson's book on the subject will find that our own government was more responsible than the British Government, during the fall of 1931, for failure to take the urgently necessary action. And this failure to take action was in effect active support of the Japanese militarists, simultaneously conquering Manchuria and striking the first blow for complete reconquest of Japan itself.

By the end of the year, with its unchecked "triumphs" in Manchuria and its rousing of patriomania, the Army was strong enough to oust the Minseito government and to set up a more conciliatory political group. After a few months of office, however, the new premier was murdered like his predecessor. The Army was now firmly in the saddle, and ended parliamentary government altogether. Since 1932 every Japanese government has been headed either by a militarist, or by a bureaucrat or aristocrat approved by the militarists. For a time, responsible civilians were "invited," but most of these were assassinated as soon as they began to disagree with the more murderous and aggressive of the militarists. In 1936, indeed, the militarists tried to exterminate all the remaining influential civilians in the bureaucracy itself, and by their bloody "purge" became the absolute masters of Japan—an absolutism only slightly less complete than the Japanese Army's military dictatorship in Manchuria.

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The entire political history of the Japanese people, in modern times, is one of bitter struggle against their military and bureaucratic masters, and an attempt to secure political power and increased economic welfare for themselves. They are the only Asiatic people who possess universal schooling and have possessed universal suffrage, and the only independent Asiatic people who have ever exercised a measure of political power through their own parliamentary government chosen on such a basis. But, like other peoples schooled in nationalism, they are susceptible to the appeals of "patriotism," however skeptical and suspicious the more intelligent and educated may be. And patriomania is strengthened by an actual state religion of emperor-worship, actually invented and promoted by Japanese imperialists.

Though thousands of Japanese are now in prison on political and "anti-war" charges, and hundreds have been quietly done away with, there is no doubt that most ordinary Japanese are obeying their government in this war. In this they are acting no differently from patriotic subjects of other governments. They believe their "country is in danger," they get little except government-colored "news," they feel that everyone must do his duty in this hour of "national crisis," in this "war for survival." They hate and detest their military masters (many Japanese officers actually fear their own soldiers, and avoid them completely when off duty), but will obey them as against a foreign enemy. And in their obedience, and their intense sense of national loyalty, they are most curiously similar to the ideal held up to other peoples by other governments elsewhere.

Is there any possibility of our utilizing the feeling of these people against their own militarists, in a situation such as the present? There is. Their troops are spread out over enormous areas, where they can be reached by radio or personal propaganda—if we have any propaganda which will impress them, and will show them a way out of a terrible impasse. For they see themselves and their country being bled white, but they see no way out except carrying through the war to a successful conclusion against the Powers which they are told have "forced this war upon them." And even if we try to convince them that it was their own militarists who were the aggressors, this does not alter the immediate peril as they see it. For they see themselves at war with Powers far wealthier and historically much stronger than themselves, Powers which down to the end of the nineteenth century actually exercised imperial authority in semi-colonial Japan itself.

What, then, can we say to the Japanese people, if we are to utilize their own hostility to their militarists, and their own desire for a freer and fuller life, in the cause of the freedom-loving peoples of the entire world? First of all, we must clearly and specifically renounce any intention of a military occupation of Japan, or establishment of an American military governor at Tokyo. We must state specifically our willingness to relinquish all our special privileges in China, in precisely the same degree that the Japanese do so—this to be started by an actual renunciation of all these privileges and a treaty with China, on a basis of equality, to come into effect as soon as the Japanese have adopted a similar policy. We must state specifically our desire to deal with a responsible parliamentary government in Japan, chosen in free elections based upon the Suffrage Act of 1925, our willingness to regard such a government as the supreme and sovereign authority, with military establishments reduced to the minimum by international agreements between civilian governments—excluding Army and Navy men and munitions makers.

We must, furthermore, specifically renounce any intention to restrict Japanese trade within barriers set up by our own privileged industrialists, any intention of interfering with purely economic relations between Japan and China, any intention of maintaining peace-time control of China's currency and currency system, any intention of monopolizing Chinese air-lines in opposition to Japanese air-lines. We must give the Japanese people a chance to live by peaceful industry and commerce, and not force them into the insane militarist alternative. We must establish a new and genuine League of Nations, this time based upon racial equality and the end of imperialism and empire, this time based upon a determination to make it work, this time controlling directly the armaments production of the world and specifically limiting its use, this time assuring the Japanese and every other people the possibility of living in peace and security, however powerful, numerous or wealthy their next-door neighbors.

And in calling for the end of Japanese militarism, for the strictest limitation of armaments by international agreement, for peaceful methods of solving economic problems, for "home rule" and self-government for subject peoples, for the right of peoples to change their citizenship and allegiance from one country to another, for the exercise of political power by the people themselves through directly elected governments chosen on the basis of universal suffrage, for the solution of international disputes by friendly discussion aiming exclusively at peaceful solutions, for the complete renunciation of self-seeking interference in the internal affairs of one's neighbors—in all these things we shall be calling for nothing which has not long since been called for by the responsible leaders and representatives of the Japanese people. For every one of these things was aimed at and striven for by the parliamentary government of Japan, twelve short years ago.

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Senator Taft's Constitution

An historical apologia for recent presidential action.

By **Francis Downing**

IN OBJECTING to the President's message in respect to price and wage controls, Senator Taft hugs close to the actual words of the Constitution. Because he finds in its written words no explicit grant such as Mr. Roosevelt threatens to use, he is afraid. He fears that if power is simply seized, like lost virtue, it cannot be recovered. Thus the Senator sees the dictator leering through Mr. Roosevelt's printed words. He protests against the unconcerned advance of the omnicompetent state.

It is not my position, here, that the omnicompetent state is either a known result of the President's message, nor that the omnicompetent state is to be welcomed. It is my position that totalitarian government nowhere succeeded to the democratic state. Totalitarian government, in Europe, was everywhere established, not by Presidential *coups d'état* but in every case where neither the idea nor the fact of democratic government had ever reached deeply into the soil of the countries nor into the hearts of the people.

But it is my position, also, that in our country the exercise of affirmative executive power, in times of the emergencies of peace or war, has been made necessary by the sheer force of events. It is true, too, that power wielded by the President has been taken in response to the known pressures of the people. And that when crises have passed —whether in Jefferson's case, or in those of Lincoln and Wilson—men have yielded up power. The advance of executive power has not been, in fact, the road to dictatorship. Ours has been a government of laws as well as of men. Our Constitution has been a living thing and not an unstretched parchment. In order that men may live and civilization survive, we have made it a broad garment to shelter us from the rain and the cold of anarchy and of destruction.

When Alexander Hamilton, in 1791, submitted to Washington his paper on the Bank Bill, he made our Constitution, as the Beards have pointed out, a Pandora's box of wonders. For it was in this document that Hamilton discovered to us the doctrine of "implied powers." This discovery was to disclose, as Alice found in Wonderland, that Humpty Dumpty was to be the presiding genius of our Constitution, who decided that words were to be our slaves and not our masters. For when John Marshall wrote the celebrated opinion in McCulloch v. Maryland he adopted the substance of the Hamilton thesis. And now that good but perverse Hamiltonian, Senator Taft, has decided to let words be our masters. Once more he finds in President Roosevelt a putative dictator.

I suppose that the proposition could not successfully be resisted that the American government is *not* a government of checks and balances. Rather its history discloses that our government is led by one of its triune branches at given and particular times. Yesterday we had government by congress, or government by judiciary, and today government by executive. The actual residence and exercise of power is not so much a thing that is amenable to written words as it is responsive to the demands or quiescence of the people.

During the early days of what we glibly call the "reconstruction" period congress so completely controlled that we came perilously close to a parliamentary system in respect of which the executive and judiciary were as sterile as a nurse's needle. In fact we witness, in 1876, the extraordinary message of President Grant in which he apologizes for his mistakes. It is as though he acted on the theory that "I am your leader and, therefore, I follow you." And when I have not followed you, "failures have been errors of judgment, and not of intent."

From the outbreak of the Civil War until July 4, 1861, everyone knows that Lincoln acted without reference to either of the other two branches of government. And every schoolboy knows, too, how Lincoln took office pledged to ignore the Dred Scott decision—and, if possible, to overturn it. But in what we call normal times, government goes back to normal practices in which the three branches attempt to share power as three suspicious tramps share cheese by the roadside.

Everyone is aware, as Cicero has somewhere said, that *silent leges inter arma*. On the whole America at war has meant the advance of power in the hands of the President. But the thing seems to go deeper than that. The affirmation of power, on the part of the President is not merely a response to conditions of war. It is an affirma-

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tion of the President himself; of his mind and temperament, of his understanding, of his own essence. It is, moreover, an affirmation of requirements and desires of the people—a felt response to the felt needs of the times. War does not, necessarily, produce affirmative executive government, as the war careers of Madison and McKinley indicate.

War does not set the tone

How much power a president is going to take is contingent upon how much power he wants, or thinks he wants, upon how seriously he accepts the words that "heaven is taken by the violent." Some men grow strong with strength; some men share power with their wives even in the gravest crises; some must be chief in their tent even while the tent is a-making. It is impossible to conceive of the later Madison acting like Lincoln, or Jackson's being like Hoover—Trilby to congressional Svengalis.

War does not explain Jefferson's deleted passages in his first message to congress, in which he declared an act of congress null and void, and exempted those who had been victims to its punitive intent. Nor does it explain the almost tyrannous conduct in respect of his Embargo Act. The Embargo Act—and the history of its passage—was not an act of war, for we were not at war. Nor does it explain what I might call executive authority in reverse on the part of President Cleveland. I suppose that all students know how, in order to embarrass the President, congress, in 1896, passed a resolution favoring Cuban belligerency, and threatened to declare war against Spain. McElroy, in his life of Cleveland, tells us what means the President took to prevent war. For to congressmen who told him they would declare war he said: "I will not mobilize the army." I suppose, too, that hardly anyone is unaware of the first Roosevelt's phrase, "I took the canal."

The fact is that the president's powers—war powers or otherwise that men may call "implied"—are limited only by the people and the courts. How far the latter are effective in limiting the president, even in peace times, is shown by Jackson's veto of the Bank Bill (an amazing paper which had the approval of Roger Taney). How far effective in war time is shown by Lincoln's disposal of *ex parte* Merryman. Here the President simply ignored the Supreme Court, and Taney vainly protested against Lincoln's suspension of *habeas corpus*. Of Lincoln's conduct in the war a recent critic has written that he "could not afford to indulge a meticulous reverence for the Constitution when the Union was crumbling." The fact is that the people seem to have accepted his conduct as necessary—and congress approved his action. It is important to note that congress did not merely approve the words of Lincoln. It approved the Lincoln that the people had approved.

In the first World War the government was under the personal command of President Wilson. Of Woodrow Wilson's exercise of emergency powers Oswald Garrison Villard has written, that he became "the dictator . . . with unlimited control of the country's finances; the dictator of the farms, of all business . . . and dictator as to who of our youth should live or die—greater power by far than had even been Abraham Lincoln's." But here, as in Lincoln's case, men accepted the affirmation of power by the President in order that the things they deeply believed in should survive.

What, then, our two greatest wars have produced is strong, direct, executive action. On the record neither Lincoln nor Wilson can be said to have had a nice regard for the Constitution during war. They seemed, both, to have been possessed by a fear and horror of war. Lincoln's record from March 4 to April 14 is such a definitive attempt to avert war—or at least the responsibility for it—that his conduct is almost tantamount to bungling. Who does not know of Wilson's heart-breaking remarks to Frank Cobb on the night before he read his war message to Congress? "To fight you must be brutal and ruthless, and the spirit of ruthless brutality will enter into every fibre of our national life, infecting congress, the courts, the policemen on the beat, the man in the street."

They both seem to have been possessed by an immense belief in the causes for which they fought, and by an immense respect for America. They had, of course, their separate understanding of that in which good government consisted; neither had lust for power for its own sake, and both took all power they thought the ends of war and life required; and both were ready to yield it to the better ways of peace.

This is not to say that power was not abused under both of them. It was. "Absolute power corrupts absolutely," wrote Lord Acton. This is why Senator Tafts are necessary and good. The exercise of power should be subject to dissolving criticism. But in the present case Senator Taft seems to misunderstand.

When Mr. Roosevelt attacked the congressional law that allows our food prices to skip beyond control, he was echoing the dissatisfaction of the American consumer whose income is fixed, or, even, dropping. There can be no question that when the President told Congress that they must repeal the law by October 1, or that he would dissolve it by decree, he was claiming an exercise of unprecedented power. He was, in fact, employing unprecedented language. Yet Mr. Roosevelt's main proposition was elementary. A rise in prices, followed by a rise in wages, and this to

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go on—cat following mouse—is to bring about, surely, the spiral of inflation. That inflation might lose the war and sterilize even military victory is clear even to a child. Here to argue about legal phrases is to be a priest chanting sterile phrases of an outworn creed. It is not now less true than when Senator Borah said it, that "men cannot eat the Constitution."

What is really unprecedented and amazing about Mr. Roosevelt's message is not the threat that inhered in it. The truly amazing thing Senator Taft missed. It is this: not that the President chose to rule by decree, but that he chose not to. He gave Congress—even in this momentous time—a chance to act in the ordinary way, a chance to change the law which it wrote in response to the dictatorship of the farm bloc. I simply cannot conceive of Jackson or Lincoln or Wilson doing this. At the moment how much of emergency war power over our economic life Mr. Roosevelt shall exercise he has let Congress determine. This is, indeed, far from the dictatorship that Senator Taft saw creeping through the message of the President.

Government involves responsibility. If Congress continues—as it has done—to evade its responsibility, someone must govern. It so happens that the President is the only elected officer in our national government who is directly responsible to all the people, since they elect him. Both Jackson and Mr. Roosevelt agree in this: that presidents act in response to our mandate. This, as he sees it, is what Mr. Roosevelt is now doing. To do anything else is not merely to evade responsibility. It is to provoke anarchy. It is, in this instance, to give the war over to a farmer lobby.

Congress will repeal the law if enough people require its repeal. The President will repeal the law by decree if Congress dictates government by decree. Here, as always in our country, war powers—like peace powers—are being shaped by public opinion. Either way the President will be responding to the felt necessities of the time. This is what most of us understand by democracy.

Parnassus Goes to Jail

An interview with one of its props.

Genevieve Cowles

Miss Genevieve Cowles—a small, slight woman with gray hair—recently visited the offices of THE COMMONWEAL *to obtain publicity for the work of Parnassus on Wheels among prisoners in Connecticut. We were inclined not to do anything about it, but Miss Cowles was so persistent and so confident that she had a story to tell that we sent her a series of questions designed to bring out the main outlines of her work. It is not a nationwide movement but rather a simple and highly local development. All the same, it represents no mean accomplishment in the face of great odds and those who read this interview will find—perhaps to their astonishment—a human document.*—The Editors.

WHAT SPECIFICALLY IS THE WORK OF PARNASSUS ON WHEELS? Parnassus was founded in New Haven in 1932 "To assist the inmates of Penal Institutions during or after imprisonment, by extending to them educational, recreational and other advantages, and in general to undertake any work for the welfare of prisoners, or of those who have been prisoners."

The secretary of Parnassus usually began by entering a jail with a small collection of books; marching up to the jailor and asking permission to distribute books to the prisoners. Almost invariably the jailor said "They don't want to read" but after some begging he would accompany me around the jail and let me bestow the books, which, of course the prisoners did want. On my next visit he usually unlocked the door to the cell-block enclosure and let me enter alone. Then he locked the door and left. I would walk to the kitchen table, usually found in the cell-block enclosure; open the books one by one; talk about them; and ask prisoners to choose what they wanted.

Parnassus operates in eight Connecticut county jails; Litchfield, Danbury, Bridgeport, New London, Norwich, Tolland, Haddam and Brooklyn jails; in the Connecticut State Prison, Wethersfield; in the criminal insane ward at Norwich State Hospital.

The majority of our members belong to the bench or the bar, including all the Supreme Court justices, some important referees, most of the superior courts justices, a few judges of probate, police and municipal courts, a host of attorneys; many university and college professors, members of Yale and Berkely Divinity schools; a few of the Catholic and Protestant clergy; some social minded women; college and public librarians; a few business men, sheriffs and jailors.

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Shortages of gas and tires now prevent speakers from traveling long distances; even State Boards of Health and Education cannot lend us aid unless routine duties take them far off. Parnassus must now enlist speakers from jail neighborhoods. We have already won over Wesleyan professors for Haddam jail, and started enlisting Connecticut college and Norwich Academy for New London county. Also local lawyers.

Parnassus's officers include Governor Robert A. Hurley, ex-governor Baldwin, ex-governor Cross; Chief Justice Maltbie, president of our board of ten, one federal judge and nine from the Supreme and Superior Courts; a president, two vice presidents, a treasurer and an executive secretary. Parnassus workers and officers receive no pay.

Reverberating names we have plenty. We desperately need more plain, every-day workers to assist the secretary, who is also librarian, jail visitor, collector and spender of dues, arranger of forums, publicity agent, chief correspondent—chiefly because I can give my whole time to this work.

Once a month we strive to visit each of our eight jails, the State Prison, the Criminal Insane Ward. Sometimes the extreme problem of one prisoner breaks the routine; a jailor postpones a date or supplies fail. But promises to arrive are faithfully kept unless a telegram or telephone explains the impossibility.

Parnassus on Wheels, Inc. is financed by volunteer gifts and membership dues; regulars—(the majority) at one dollar a year. We have 242 paying members, 72 supporters—some of whom aid in other ways than giving money; 14 honoraries; total membership 329. Of these only a handful engage in jail visiting.

* * *

What were the first reactions of the officials and of prisoners? It took ten years to convince jail authorities that prisoners want to read; that they often choose the very best books; that they are more easily controlled when supplied with fine and varied literature and encouraged by interesting and intelligent speakers. After going through two distressing experiences, it proved best to avoid any mention of food, sanitation or vermin. Our field is the minds and souls of men and women. We treated officials and prisoners as friends. They responded accordingly.

Once in Tolland jail our sickly jail librarian asked for help. His pretty wife, whom we had visited in the women's quarters, was already released. When I inquired of the State Police Commissioner, he handed me the trial record of the two offenders. This was during the worst time in the depression. Unmarried couples in that county were not granted relief—the distress of the Lajoies (as I will call them) was so acute that finally the girl was sold to buy food; then they were both jailed for immorality.

"Where is she now?" I asked.

A State Trooper answered: "She's in a bad house at Bethany, trying to earn enough to pay her husband's costs!"

Our jail prisoners, after serving sentence, must pay the costs of their trial in money or by confinement for as many days as there are dollars in the costs, not counting Sundays or holidays. Camille Lajoie (as I will call her) needed $110 to pay costs to free her husband who had already served his sentence.

Then Camille sent me a letter asking my help. I replied that I could meet her at a grill on the outskirts of Bethany.

When she appeared, I explained that I could not help her inside "that place," but I had money to provide for her return to her mother, or else to provide for a lodging in care of the New Haven Transient Bureau, which would secure employment for her. Camille insisted on taking the money, saying that she would return to her mother in Massachusetts the next day.

I departed, troubled in mind—maybe the madame in charge might not let Camille go. I consulted the Bethany constable who telephoned the Police Barracks sergeant and was told "The police are about to raid that badhouse." If she were caught, that would mean prison for Camille. Instantly I myself telephoned to both the sergeant and to the State's Attorney's office. "Hold back the police—I'm going to rescue that girl."

We knew the police were on their way but immediately the constable and I flew as fast as the old Ford could travel. The word of the constable must have scared the madame who answered the door; for presently Camille appeared, well dressed and with her suitcase. We hastened to the New Haven railroad station and put Camille on the train to Massachusetts. I went home and wrote a letter to her mother, saying that I believed that Camille was not a bad girl and that the families of the young couple must help them to live decently.

The French Canadian mother could not read English, so Camille read the letter. She immediately sought work in a neighboring mill and wrote me asking me to look out for her husband. On my next Tolland visit, the jailor informed me that the husband was suffering from a very contagious disease and I must appeal to his Judge in New Haven at once.

The Judge, a Parnassus member, was horrified. He commanded me to write instantly to the State's Attorney saying that he ordered the cancellation of "costs" and the release of the prisoner. This was duly accomplished. This proof that God answers prayer without our being obliged to do wrong had a great effect upon

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Camille. For two years she corresponded with me. By that time her husband was apparently in good health and they both had recovered their station in good society. Once she wrote me "You were the only one who believed in us."

Later on, the Secretary of a Parnassus judge told me that this Bethany incident had started an investigation and later on the capture of a New York and Connecticut white slave gang.

* * *

What do you find the prisoners most need today? In answering these questions of THE COMMONWEAL, I am expressing my own personal convictions, after a long experience, after forty years of visiting and corresponding with prisoners in the Connecticut State Prison, besides over three years of work there behind the bars under prison rules while painting the "Charge to Saint Peter" in the prison chapel. Moreover, the last ten years of my life have been almost exclusively devoted to work in the jails and state prison. I am not expressing the opinion of Parnassus members, of the bench, the bar, the pulpit and the Professors' chair. With the exception of the Chief Justice and a few others, I hardly know what their opinions are, since I rarely see them except upon the collection of dues, and then they speed the parting guest. Parnassus meetings are attended by a small group, the ever faithful guard.

"What do you find the prisoners most need today?" They need conversion to faith in the living God; visible proofs of His justice and mercy, and treatment accordingly. We treat prisoners as slaves, contradicting the Christian Faith—contradicting the Declaration of Independence.

Read the United States Constitution, Article 13, Section 1: "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as punishment for crime, wherever the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction." This means that penal slavery is allowed. To prove the fact of penal slavery at the present time, examine the six characteristics of slavery which have been or now are present in Connecticut jails and state prisons: (1) Slaves are held as inferiors; (2) Slave labor is exploited without adequate pay; (3) Slaves are exempted from the responsibilities of the free; (4) Slaves are kept in ignorance; those slaves who show intellectual superiority are held in suspicion; (5) Slaves are deprived of civil rights; (6) Slave personalities and family ties are disregarded at the convenience of their masters.

Reverse these slave characteristics in the management of prisoners and you find some answers to their greatest needs.

My experience indicates that Connecticut people in general, including some if not most of the clergy, ignore our offenders or treat them with contempt. Jail delinquents are held as bums, drunks, vagrants, not worth teaching, not worth saving. Convicts are regarded as perverts, scoundrels, monsters of some sort. How kindle self-respect in abject creatures crushed under the weight of public scorn and self-contempt? How to win defiant spirits—rankling under the sense of a miscarriage of justice (actual or misunderstood)—how to rouse wretches sunk in almost hopeless apathy?

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." When you enter with the burning conviction of that truth in your heart, the prisoners know it without your telling them. A touch of comradeship, a word of compassion, a little gift of a book, and the latent divine fire answers out of their eyes. One day an agonized voice cried, "Have you a book on the Faith?"

After this appeal was met with Cardinal Gibbons's "Faith of our Fathers," I discovered a dearth of religious books in our jails and started crusading; Bibles and New Testaments poured in for Protestants and Catholics. A curate bestowed upon us about two bushels of Catholic literature, mostly Jesuit. A pastor supplied hundreds of catechisms.

To see Catholic eyes gladden over catechisms, and Catholic hands reaching for rosaries was a revelation to me—my poor prisoners really helped me enter the Catholic Church.

Apparently Catholics far outnumber Protestants in Connecticut jails, possibly by four to one. Both Catholics and Protestants respond to sincere Christian teaching, but they do not like to be regarded as "sinners par excellence." Religious propaganda is strictly forbidden. You talk to a jail-full altogether, trying to be courteous, never alluding to "papists" or "heretics," and above all you try to meet each separate request. In ten years of visiting, I do not remember seeing over six Jews in jails. Upon request Parnassus on Wheels bestowed orthodox Hebrew prayer books upon two Jews, one Koran upon a Syrian, a volume of Hindu philosophy upon a prisoner who wanted some religion, but *not* Christianity. Yale Divinity School supplied two volumes to allay the anxiety of an atheist. On my third visit that atheist stole my volume, "Why I Believe in God and Evolution." I looked in vain for it, and there was the atheist smiling at me, with "Why I Believe in God" under his arm!

Our jailors began to ask for more teachers in jail. Religious song services, including Negro spirituals given by Hartford Seminary students, proved most popular. Mrs. Barstow, the wife of Dr. Robbins Barstow, head of Hartford Seminary, has converted three prisoners and moved many more by her winning talks on religion in

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Haddam and Tolland jails. She started a Bible class in Hartford jail. Mr. O'Neill, Protestant Minister in Tolland, has a Bible class in that ancient jail where I have pleaded in vain for ten years for the help of a Catholic priest. Before the tire-shortage a Waterbury lawyer, Mr. John Greco gave to prisoners a number of touching Catholic addresses on prayer and faith. Finally the Catholic Confraternity of Christian Doctrine is pledged to include prisoners in their labors and now we hope to enlist the Sisters of Mercy.

* * *

How have the war and war industries affected the situation in Connecticut? About a year ago, the Hartford *Press* announced that only twenty-seven thousand out of one hundred thousand defense job hunters here had qualified. A housing shortage developed, rents soared, living costs increased, liquor sales boomed, prisoners in Hartford jail multiplied. Apparently the same sequence afflicted New Haven, Fairfield and New London counties, and wherever defense industries demanded labor. The jail populations multiplied even in Danbury, Norwich and little Haddam, where I discovered double decker cots in the narrow cells. In the spring of 1942 Parnassus called a meeting of high sheriffs in New Haven to discuss possible remedies. On May 14, 1942, Parnassus summoned all our high sheriffs and their commissioners to a war emergency meeting in the Hartford County Building. We also invited representatives of nearly every municipal welfare organization and members of the clergy, the bench and the bar. The court room was crowded. Sheriff after sheriff testified. Sheriff Platt described the improvement of prisoners whom he had reconditioned on his successful little Fairfield jail farm. Sheriff Slavin, of New Haven County, insisted that if engaged on national defense jobs, prisoners must work on a volunteer basis with pay—not as slaves. He told of his plan in hiring out, under guard, groups of prisoners, who received one dollar an eight-hour day for wages for farm labor. Immediately his idea was attacked as resembling Southern slave gangs, and the ominous slave question arose. Everybody forgot that jail labor usually receives no pay at all. Parnassus's hopes that Hartford jail prisoners might be allowed to cultivate our excellent county jail land were defeated. The press declared "Strong Opposition to Parnassus on Wheels, Inc." Parnassus replied by the article "Our Slaves" published in the Hartford *Times and Courant*. We also won the interest of Mr. Innis, Hartford Director of the United States Employment Bureau. Every high sheriff was asked to remit to Mr. Innis a list of his skilled prisoners for future federal employment.

The jail question still continues to haunt Connecticut. August witnessed an invasion of Hartford by the armies of vagrants and bums chased out of New Haven.

The result of our Center Church meeting was the formation of a committee to carry out a project, which should afford almost immediate relief, and we are hopeful of success. But we have been warned to allow no publicity on the subject, probably because the county elections are coming very soon.

In counties where jail farms are not already operated, vacant CCC camps might be taken over. Another proposal is for houses of refuge, where ex-prisoners could be sheltered free, or at nominal rates, until jobs and wages could be provided (the facilities of our Open Hearth, the Salvation Army and YMCA combined, not being sufficient to meet the present emergency). Some urged delay until the 1943 state legislature grants a huge state jail farm, despite war difficulties of obtaining building supplies. The state legislature could change the law and allow inmates of a crowded jail in one county to be transferred elsewhere outside that county. All this summer many cells in Cheshire Reformatory and in Windham County jail have gone empty. Another device is to establish a state-wide probation system, whereby many offenders would avoid jail altogether.

* * *

What remedies do you suggest? With the exception of the one big state jail farm, all the other remedies above proposed seem to me feasible. One thing is certain: the experiment of the State Prison farm has proved that it is not necessary to keep prisoners charged with minor offenses in cages like wild beasts; sooner or later our old jails must be abolished.

Some offenders do require segregation and discipline. Why not have cities of refuge, like those of the Old Testament, where men could learn the duties of real citizenship and earn their own way to liberty? The Soviets have already organized communes for offenders along these very lines. I believe that we face problems of the mind and spirit in criminals, impossible to solve by mechanized situations.

It is a delusion that you can make people to think as you want them to think, and act as you want them to act, by isolation and force, if the pressure is severe enough and continued long enough. Of course it is possible to destroy people's bodies outright, and it is also possible to starve them into outward submission and conformity to regulations.

Totalitarian slavery has not succeeded in Poland. "In numbers running into millions, Poles have been starved, deported, killed, sent as slaves into Germany—yet the underground nation lives

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—is organized—publishes a hundred secret newspapers—read daily by something like three million people at the risk of their lives." (Anne O'Hare McCormick in the New York *Times*).

With regard to our criminals, we find the situation something like that in America. Isolation in steel and stone prisons, semi-starvation in more or less black cells, have not succeeded in forcing the wills of men into submission and have not stopped crime. In America we have our underworld—a million strong, or more; and our daily press tells us of hired assassins, murder gangs, organized rackets, women bandits—crime on the increase.

I am not against punishment in itself, which may at times be as inevitably required, as suffering is inevitable to an operation, or as severe medical treatment is inevitable to save a life. I am saying that to get people to accept suffering willingly you must inspire them with a great cause. The resurrection of life is a great cause; the recovery of true liberty is a great cause. We must make it possible for our prisoners to work their own way out to liberty through their own faith and self discipline. They need teaching to do that.

I believe, now, in war-time Connecticut, God-fearing, competent men and women can be found to enter our jails (that is, to begin at the point where we are) to teach and rescue our prison brothers and sisters.

For over thirty years, this prison visiting and teaching plan has been carried out successfully in England under the auspices of different church groups.

When we claim in our Declaration of Independence that "self-evident truth that all men are created equal," how do we mean "equal?" Equal to *us?* Yes! Equal to *us* in *their* creation. *Because God made them!* And God wants His purpose in them to be fulfilled.

* * *

From your experience, would you say that Parnassus's technique would work in other states, and would you gather that it is badly needed outside of Connecticut, too? I cannot tell about other states. Parnassus's technique has been going on for ten years. It doesn't seem to have made much impression yet in Connecticut. If Parnassus on Wheels, Inc., has made any worthwhile beginning at all, it is not from technique but from the driving faith that God requires this work for prisoners to be done somehow. For myself, I never know how beforehand. I pray that God will show me how; and I believe that when a thing is the will of God, it can be done. How can I know if this principle would work in other states? I do know that the saints have proved before us that the necessary provisions do arise to meet the need to save souls.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

THE last letter I received from Ralph Adams Cram, more than two years ago, was written at a time when personal griefs of a most excruciating kind were sorely afflicting him—or, rather besetting him. For there was a spirit in that gallant gentleman and artist and Christian which, even in old age, illness, and troubles manifold, nerved him to meet all such things as a challenge. But he was the last man in the world who in his life-time would have relished any public manifestations of his private worries or pains, and his death does not free those who knew him from the obligation to respect his privacy. Nevertheless, the fact that one who for so long appeared to be a veritable darling of the gods of success, in his work both as architect and as writer, and in his marvelous capacity for inspiring enthusiasm, and practical application of that force, among others for many most high and worthy causes, also knew well what it was to suffer keenly, is something that should be known. For here, in the real test of his Christian character, even more than in his life-long championship of Christian principles in art, and literature, in public and private life alike, Ralph Adams Cram proved that he was no dilettante, no mere amateur, but a realist.

The present writer, many years ago, half-playfully suggested, in an essay published by that extraordinary editor and writer, the late A. R. Orage, in his stimulating review, "The New Age," that a word ought to be coined to express two qualities derived from the words "artist" and "aristocrat," for example, "artistocrat," and "artistocracy"—to be used in efforts to describe men and women of creative and exceptional vision and high character who from time to time appear and stir up thinking and action in a way peculiarly their own. Orage took up the notion, but, like most other artificial ideas, it soon died "aborning." Just the same, there was something in the idea, which we of the democracies should consider while yet we have time to study the things that may help us in our present perilous pass—so long predicted, so long preparing, and now bursting upon us in all the prodigious fury of world-wide revolution and war. It is the complex and exceedingly difficult problem of keeping alive and vigorous the respect for and the adequate use of ideals of quality, in a generation and a time obsessed by ideas of quantity.

Ralph Adams Cram was essentially the type of creative influence that the word "artistocrat," was intended to define—always, in his case, with the proviso in mind that both as artistocrat and as artist, and as man and person and citizen, his Christian faith supplied the key to all his diverse activities. In many of his books and essays and addresses Cram himself attacked the problem of aristocratic, qualitarian factors in democracy—as their avowed champion. We who knew him need not hesitate to say, now that it is no longer possible to offend his own reticence, or to shock his own refined and indomitable humility, that he likewise was their living exponent. That his books and essays and addresses may in

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the long run be even more influential than his work in architecture seems to me to be highly probable. And Cram's respect for truly aristocratic values, and his suggestions for their practical application, in a democratic society which even if it sustains or, better yet, repels and defeats, the aggressions of pagan totalitarianism, sorely needs protection against the danger of inner corruption, because of mass-vulgarity, and mass vanity, will, I believe, be regarded as his chief contribution to American culture.

The Stage & Screen

Vickie

WIVES in uniform are the subject of S. M. Herzig's farce, "Vickie." Mr. Herzig doesn't come right out and say that women should leave patriotism to their betters (i.e., their husbands), but he strongly hints that American suburbs were far safer before housewives began saluting one another. Judging by the response of his second-night audience, Mr. Herzig is not entirely alone in this belief.

The Vickie of the title is second in command of a suburban chapter of the American Women's Camp Service—pronounced, of course, Auks. Likewise she is an active Egg — Emergency Godmothers, dedicated to bringing weekend sunshine into the lives of lonely Army trainees, willy-nilly. Thirdly and lastly, she is the loving wife of a young engineer hatching a revolutionary defense invention.

Possessing a no better than remarkable memory, I can't hope to give more than the merest hint of the complications that conspire against George Roberts's drafting board and sanity. There is the basket of Auk-made sandwiches wrapped in George's key plans and distributed, for want of apter victims, to a congregation of enemy aliens. There are the two Katzenjammer "godchildren" who conduct their courtships after the manner of the Marx Brothers. There is the plane-spotter, onetime flagpole sitter, who has appropriated the Roberts terrace, where he handcuffs himself to the railing when threatened with eviction. There is the refugee from "Samson and Delilah" who substitutes for the cook. Finally, there is the WPB official who arrives to approve George's invention but whom the Auks mistake for a spy.

Do you begin to catch the general atmosphere? "Vickie," I must report, is by no means top grade comedy or even top grade farce, depending more upon gymnastics than upon wit. But it has the recommendation of topicality, its spirits are high, it keeps moving, and its audience appeared not unwilling to stay for the final curtain.

Uta Hagen, who plays the name rôle, rather gainsays the author by looking exactly as most husbands *wish* their wives looked in uniform. Jose Ferrer, here as in private life Miss Hagen's husband, acts and co-directs with the strenuous verve he demonstrated in the recent revival of "Charley's Aunt," upon which the present production

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appears to have been generally modeled, with suggestions of that other alma mater of Mr. Ferrer's, the Princeton Triangle Club. The other talent—Taylor Holmes, Mildred Dunnock, Frank Conlan, Charles Halton, Collette Lyons—is swamped by the rollicking performance of titanic Margaret Matzenauer of the Metropolitan Opera as the kitchen Brunhilde. *(At the Plymouth.)*

Show Time

SOONER or later, George Jessel was bound to turn up among the current epidemic of vaudeville revues. Jessel, like Al Jolson and Eddie Cantor, commands a sharply divided public. There are many, I have it on good authority, who consider one or all of these three the acme of American popular entertainment. There are many others who find one or all of them actively objectionable. As "Show Time's" master of ceremonies—"conferencier" to the producer, Fred F. Finklehoffe—Mr. Jessel is nudging the audience for the greater part of the evening; your enjoyment of the show will necessarily be in close relation to your enjoyment of Georgie.

By and large, the "Show Time" Georgie is a more restrained Georgie than you remember, less pushing, noticeably less vulgar. His style is still built upon intimacy, but the intimacy is no longer that of a Pullman smoking lounge. And you'll find yourself definitely in the minority if you don't get some honest laughs from his bows to his own past: the telephone conversation with Mom and the lunatic impersonation of a myopic refugee lecturer.

Jessel is assisted in his conferential chores by that high-spirited master of the rolling eye, Jack Haley. The acts these two introduce include: Ella Logan, the midget Highland thrush with St. Vitus dance; Tony deMarco and his latest wife demonstrating the distinctive deMarco ballroom unction; Ringling Bros.' Con Colleoni proving his title of "world's premier slack-wire artist"; a limp, disdainful chow which has been magnificently trained by Bob Williams to do nothing; a commanding contralto named Lucille Norman; high-speed Harlem dancing by the Berry Brothers and contortion work by Olsen and Shirley.

According to your tastes, you will be relieved or disappointed that there is no chorus line in spangled brassieres, no 6-foot, bare-naveled show girls representing the Four Freedoms. *(At the Broadhurst.)* DAVID BURNHAM.

One of Our Movies Is Hitting

IT was inevitable after we were presented early this year with "The Invaders" (in which six Nazis are chased through Canada) that we should get similar films in which men of the United Nations make perilous escapes from German territory. There was "Desperate Journey" in which our handsome heroes found themselves fleeing through Germany after their objective was properly executed. Now Alexander Korda presents *"One of Our Aircraft Is Missing,"* an English film with the same theme. "Desperate Journey" and "One of Our Aircraft" were obviously made at the same time, so neither can be accused of copying from the other. While both are exciting, and are without even a suggestion of love story, their techniques are quite different. "Desperate Journey" is a breathless thriller in which our heroes overcome the Germans in one encounter after another. We don't believe the story but we are carried along by the speed of Raoul Walsh's masterly direction. The English film, produced and directed by Michael Powell (who also made "The Invaders"), is told more slowly and in a documentary fashion that makes it seem real and entirely plausible. There are few hand to hand encounters with the Nazis, but there are many exciting episodes as the six English fliers make their way to safety through Nazi-guarded Holland. At the very beginning we see the giant Wellington bomber crash and then we are shown what happened to the six men on the "B for Bertie mission." Their plane was hit after it accomplished its successful raid on Stuttgart. The men bail out. Then they are assisted by the suspicious Dutch—but only after the Dutch ascertain that the fliers are Englishmen and not parties to a German trick. Director Powell builds his suspense up slowly and with authenticity, so by the time we reach the episodes in which the Dutch carefully move the disguised Englishmen from place to place, we are on tenter-hooks for each thrill. The scene in the Catholic Church, the scene in the Burgomaster's house, the football match, the excitement in the house of the woman whom the Nazis consider a Quisling, but the Dutch know for a true patriot: Powell squeezes every possible bit of tensity into these. But at the same time he never misses an opportunity to show how the Dutch are rebelling against Nazi subjugation, and why the Nazis will never succeed in a total conquering of Holland. As in "Desperate Journey," the direction and story of "One of Our Aircraft" are more important than the actors. The performances are satisfactory; perhaps some of the authenticity is due to the absence of stars. In any case, this is an inspiring film—both cinematically and thematically.

"Iceland" is a curious commentary on what the Marines are doing on that island. The locale itself is so completely synthetic in this William LeBaron production that one has no right to expect any serious portrayal of our men among all this phony gingerbread. We see the men in an American-looking nightclub, in Felix Bressart's quaintsy-cute hotel, in their wind-blown camp and metal huts. The film's two main Marines are Corporal John Payne and his side-kick Jack Oakie. Payne gets involved with one of the local Icelanders, Sonja Henie, and by the finale finds himself married to her. Why we don't know, because the inane plot gives us a series of squabbles between Payne with his line of Blarney and Sonja whose vivid imagination strings fibs from one end of the film to the other. Bruce Humberstone's direction is entirely without distinction. In fact the picture's only assets are the excellent ice numbers and Miss Henie's superb skating. The rest is a bore. Fortunately however, there is "Wake Island" to show how the Marines really carry on when they're out of the States.

If you like the great out-of-doors, you may like the new, flashy technicolor opus, *"The Forest Rangers."* Don't, however, expect to learn much about how these National Park Service men actually operate to protect

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our trees from the ravages of time and man in the Northwest. You will of course see some very beautiful tall trees and scenic spots, but you will also get large doses of Hollywoodian forest fires and an unbelievably fishy story. Virile Ranger Fred MacMurray marries citified Paulette Goddard after one day's acquaintance. Tomboyish Susan Hayward, who has more than a strong yen for Fred, hopes to drive the bride back to her eastern nightclubs. Paulette puts on spiked boots and pants to hold Fred. Susan wears a skirt to win him. There is a lot of horseplay during which the three of them bundle through a night, and there are frequent forest fires. Somehow Paulette manages to show up Susan as a mean coward. The villain of the piece burns in one of his own fires. And Fred is doomed to a life-time of Paulette. George Marshall directed this Thelma Strabel story. You're not sure whether you're laughing with or at it.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

World Travels

Across a World. John J. Considine, M.M. With the collaboration of Thomas Kernan. Longmans. $2.50.

FATHER CONSIDINE, now an Assistant General of Maryknoll, has worked for ten years at Propaganda, the Catholic Church's mission headquarters, which for centuries has been established on the beautiful Piazza di Spagna in Rome. With the exception of ten countries closed to missionary efforts (Afghanistan, Arabia, Bhutan, Greenland, Nepal, Outer Mongolia, Sikkim, the Soviet Union, Tibet and the Unfederated Malay States), the Catholic Propagation of the Faith includes the whole globe. Thus Father Considine, especially while he was director of the Information Service of Propaganda Fidei, had an unusual opportunity to become familiar with all kinds of missionary activity. He was able to visit many countries of Asia and Africa while occupying that post and moreover to make a recent trip to the Far East following his return to this country.

From all these experiences Father Considine has written this travel book, taking us to every country of Asia from Palestine to Japan, through some parts of Oceania and many countries of Africa. As long as he tells of his experiences with Catholic work in all these lands, Father Considine speaks as a great expert, combining intimate personal observations with his general knowledge of the matter. These parts of the book are to be highly praised as a fascinating picture of Catholic activities in the non-Christian World.

Perhaps we shall get one of the most valuable Catholic books of our times if Father Considine will one day write a special book on Propaganda Fidei which would introduce the layman to all the problems of missionary work and acquire sparkling color by his rich personal experience. In his present book, however, he prefers to mix his visit to the Catholic missions with short descriptions of the foreign countries and their general problems. There are some interesting details, like his stay among the Moy in the Indo-Chinese mountains or his stop in the Seychelles. But in general these are transitory impressions of a hasty traveler mixed with second-hand information. Some times this information is not quite up-to-date, like

"This Publishing Business"

RELIGION IN SOVIET RUSSIA – The weakness of Marx and so of Lenin and so of Soviet Russia was a failure to take man seriously. They took Economics and Sociology seriously, but not man. When they made their Social-Economic plans, they never asked "does the nature of man allow it?" They simply said, "This is obviously a good plan as anyone who knows about plans can see." The great advantage of leaving man out of one's problems is that it simplifies the problems. And you can get nice brisk solutions, and this is a great satisfaction.

It is not only communists who have this weakness: they have it worse than anybody else, but everybody today has a touch of it. Karl Marx said, "Ill distributed property is an evil: let's abolish property." America said, "Excessive consumption of alcohol is an evil, let's abolish alcohol." Both solutions were admirable – if they had been merely only Social-Economic problems. But there are no such problems: there are only human problems: and human nature was so attached to property and alcohol that both solutions have had to be thrown away.

In the same brisk spirit, Soviet Russia decided to abolish religion. They closed churches and murdered priests. Anyone who took man seriously could have told them that they must fail. The nature of man demands religion. You can no more destroy the religious need of man by closing the churches than you can abolish the sex-need by abolishing marriage. The Russian attack on religion had to fail. So anyone could have told them twenty years ago. It *has* failed, so Professor Timasheff (a Russian Orthodox who teaches Sociology at Fordham) tells us in RELIGION IN SOVIET RUSSIA. ($2.00)

Certainly the Soviet tried hard. They honestly thought religion a bad habit and they honestly tried to stamp it out: to pretend that they were merely trying to purify religion – as some have almost done – must make Stalin laugh heartily if he ever hears about it. Professor Timasheff gives us a carefully documented history of the three main assaults – in 1922-23, 1929-30, 1937-38 – and of the intervening periods of pressure. No one can tell the future with certainty, but it looks from the evidence given here as if the Soviet Government were growing weary of a struggle it could not hope to win, and were looking for some way of living with a power it has found it impossible to kill.

If this is so, then the Orthodox Church in Russia should be marvellously equipped for seizing the opportunity. It has had a quarter-century of persecution and it has come through alive. From that long period of patience in suffering we may expect a wonderful spiritual impetus in the church which is our next-of-kin, an impetus by which she will not only revive Russian religious life, but must also powerfully spiritualize Russian political life. F.J.S.

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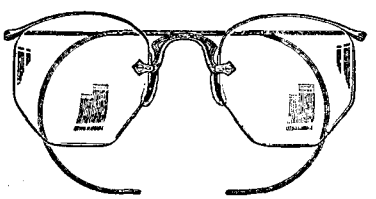

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that about Angkor; our knowledge of the Khmeer history is no longer as vague as Father Considine believes, after all the valuable research work of George Groslier and other eminent French scholars. To convey the atmosphere and the overtones of a foreign landscape is not Father Considine's strength; he is not at all a born raconteur; he is completely matter of fact and therefore comes to the best of his talents when he can give a survey of a problem, as for instance the story of the three million lepers in the world, or asking simple questions such as: is the Chinese farmer really poor? Father Considine has little of the poet but much of a very methodical teacher.

Though not all of "Across a World" is of the same standard, the book as a whole makes good reading, and the explanations of missionary work are of such an informative value that you do not mind skipping some duller pages. The book is illustrated by very useful maps, mediocre photos and excellent statistics. The index is done with the utmost care. MAX FISCHER.

FICTION

Summer After Summer. Richard Sullivan. Doubleday. $2.50.

HERE is the prose of modern life done with the utmost verisimilitude; the daily drag of man and wife, mildly Catholic, mildly poor, during the second pregnancy. You listen to the occasional little bickerings, to the childish irresponsibilities of the three-year-old. You feel the Christian solidity of the man when a strange woman comes after him. You sense throughout the book the vigor of the family tie.

The author evidently set out ("Summer After Summer") to depict in the simplest language possible the simplest possible of situations. As the child grows nearer, so do her parents. The wolf is always just outside the door but the door is oaken. So, out of simple materials, grows up a home, whose inhabitants you are well acquainted with when you have finished. Among them the truly interesting one is the elder child to whom life will do just what it has done to her mother, summer after summer.

EDWARD L. KEYES.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Book of Catholic Authors (First Series). Walter Romig. Romig. $2.20.

THESE 50-odd sketches cover for the most part writers of popular devotional literature, children's books and verse. It is announced that 100-odd more are to follow in Volumes II and III. The most engaging remarks in the first volume are autobiographical. Here are a few samples: "I never really did get over that first cheque for $100." "In February, 1942, I began another publication. This time one for girls and called *The Catholic Miss of America*. The following month I took over *The Catholic Woman's World* changing the name to *Poise*." "It was a little treatise on vocation, so good that it has since been incorporated with changes in other writings of mine. . . . My greatest fault as editor was that for long years I not only edited those magazines but also wrote too much of the material that entered into their pages."

Some impressive estimates for those interested in statistics: One of the 50-odd included here figured out that by January, 1939, some 9,492,064 "copies of my magazines and books and pamphlets had rolled off the press and gone out into the world on their errand of doing good and promoting goodness." He was disappointed at the total.

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Possibly he knew that another author-editor, who is also included in this first volume, has a total production "close to 100,000,000." Mr. Romig's comment: "Is it not worth striving to become a writer?"

Possibly one slender volume which would include among others 8 or 10 of the authors chosen for the first volume of this vast collection would indeed be instrumental in carrying out the good intentions so obvious throughout Mr. Romig's book. Such a publication would, of course, have to be well made with good typography and clear illustrations. And it would be free from all footnotes such as the following (p. 55 "Book of Catholic Authors"): "Editor's Note: Besides the books mentioned above, which are all published by Bruce, Mr. Croft, in collaboration with his wife, is the author of three delightful daughters."

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

BRIEFERS

The Cripps Mission. R. Coupland. Oxford. $.75.

WRITTEN by a member of an ill-fated expedition which—pressed by time and events—sought and failed to solve a problem as complicated as any in the world today. Not at Versailles, not at Munich have statesmen seemed so pitifully out of scale with the forces they attempted to control as did Cripps and Gandhi and Nehru, attempting to bring order out of chaos in India. A just, a working formula for India? It was not brought by the British mission; it remained unformulated by the Indians. This brief account of the pathetic and futile exchange of views furnishes no revelations. It is an official account and could not be anything else: it is a bit of paper fluttering in the storm of history. The story of India must be studied objectively; it will never be easy to understand all the factors involved—should they be understood, the problem would not yet be solved.

No Surrender. Martha Albrand. Atlantic-Little. $2.50.

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CONTRIBUTORS

Mortimer J. ADLER, the author of "Art and Prudence" and "How to Read a Book," is on the faculty of the University of Chicago. He is a leading American Thomist.

Harry Paxton HOWARD is an American journalist and educator who has recently returned from 24 years' residence in the Far East—including five years in Japan itself. He is the author of a book on the socialist and labor movement in Japan and is at present contributing to a number of American periodicals.

Francis DOWNING is on the faculty of Fordham University and has taught a number of classes in Labor History for the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists.

Max FISCHER is a journalist and world traveler who has been residing in the United States for a number of years.

Dr. Edward L. KEYES, one of the original founders of THE COMMONWEAL, continues to contribute popular articles and pertinent book reviews from time to time.

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MODERN WARS AND CATHOLIC THOUGHT. By Don Luigi Sturzo. *In French.* The moral problems of modern warfare, viewed in the light of Catholic tradition and the pronouncements of the last three popes. Published by Editions de l'Arbre, Montreal, Canada. (Order through Book Service Dept., THE COMMONWEAL.) Paper cover $1.35

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